

NO 5
JUNE-
JULY

ADVENTURES INTO THE UNKNOWN!

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AMERICAN
ALL-STAR
SERIES
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★★ ALL-STAR ADVENTURE ISSUE ★★

52
PAGES



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No other girdle or supporter belt has more hold in power! The UP-LIFT ADJUST-O-Belt is the newest, most comfortable girdle I ever had.

REDUCE

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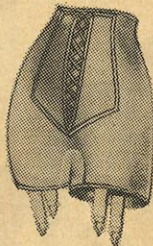
your figure the way you want it, with added support where you need it most. Simply adjust the laces and **PRESTO** your mid section is reshaped, your back is braced and you look and feel younger!

MORE UP-LIFT AND HOLD-IN POWER!

The UP-LIFT ADJUST-O-BELT takes weight off tired feet and gives you a more alluring, more daringly feminine, curvaceous figure the instant you put it on. It gives you lovely curves just in the right places, with no unwanted bulges in the wrong ones. It whittles your waist line to nothingness no matter what shape you may now have. *It's easily adjusted—always comfortable!*

TEST THE ADJUST-O-BELT UP-LIFT PRINCIPLE WITH YOUR OWN HANDS!

Clasp your hands over your abdomen, press upwards and in gently, but firmly. You feel better don't you! That's just what the UP-LIFT ADJUST-O-BELT does for you only the ADJUST-O-BELT does it better. *Mail Coupon and test it at home for 10 days FREE at our expense!*



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It won't roll up, bulge or curl at the top. It gives extra-double support where you need it most. *No other girdle at any price can give you better support, can make you look better, feel better or appear slimmer. Sizes 24 to 44 waist.*

ONLY.....\$3.98

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You will look like and feel like this beautiful model in your new and improved Up-Lift Adjust-O-Belt.

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☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postage plus handling.

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I understand if not delighted with the UP-LIFT ADJUST-O-BELT I can return it in 10 days for full purchase price refund.

SENT ON APPROVAL

SHE DARED the UNKNOWN

THE UNKNOWN...A STRANGE REALM BEYOND THE CONSCIOUSNESS OF NORMAL LIFE ITSELF! MAN...BEYOND ITS PERILS... WHAT ARE ITS SECRETS DOES WHAT WEIRD SECRETS DOES IT HOLD? HERE'S A STARTLING STORY THAT TRIES TO ANSWER THESE QUESTIONS... WHEN A MERE GIRL DARES THE UNTOLD DANGERS OF THE UNKNOWN!

AT THE ANCESTRAL DALTON HOME IN SALEM, MASS.---

WHEN A HOUSE DATING BACK TO 1683 IS GOING TO BE TORN DOWN TO MAKE ROOM FOR A NEW SUPER-HIGHWAY, THERE OUGHT TO BE A STORY IN IT! HOW'S ABOUT IT, MR. DALTON?

WELL--YOUR STORY SHOULD MENTION THAT EVEN NOW, WORKERS ARE BUSY DIGGING UP THE OLD FAMILY BURIAL PLOT AND MOVING THE CASKETS TO A CEMETERY! BUT WHY NOT LOOK AROUND **HERE** FIRST--YOU MAY GET SOME PRETTY GOOD LOCAL COLOR!

ANCESTORS, HUH? FUNNY HOW WE BUILD A FALSE GLAMOR AROUND THEM, JUST BECAUSE THEY LIVED A LONG TIME AGO!

FALSE GLAMOR? I DON'T KNOW... LET'S TAKE **THIS** ONE, FOR INSTANCE!



HMM--ACCORDING TO THE TAG, **SCARLETT DALTON** ...AND SHE SAT FOR THIS PORTRAIT IN 1692! AND HER LIFE WAS PROBABLY AS DRAB AS ANYTHING THESE DAYS!

THINK SO? THAT BOOK SHE'S HOLDING IS HER **DIARY**...AND IT'S BEEN PASSED DOWN IN THE FAMILY THROUGH THE YEARS! SUPPOSE WE TAKE A LOOK AT IT...AND SEE HOW "DRAB" HER LIFE REALLY WAS!

SO WHAT? NOTHING EXCITING ABOUT **THAT**--SOUNDS LIKE ANY MODERN TEEN-AGER TO ME!

READ ON! YOU'LL SEE THAT WHAT HAPPENED TO HER WAS...SHALL WE SAY ... **DIFFERENT**!

Sept. 4, 1693

This is a wonderful day for me! I'm to marry Hugh Merritt, and I'm the happiest girl in the world!

IT WAS HARD TO BELIEVE THAT I, **SCARLETT DALTON**, COULD HAVE BEEN SO LUCKY!

IT--IT'S A **BEAUTIFUL** ENGAGEMENT PRESENT, HUGH! BUT I WANT TO GET YOU SOMETHING, TOO!

YOU KNOW MY TASTE, **SCARLETT**! ANYTHING--AS LONG AS IT'S OUT OF THE ORDINARY!

BUT I'VE ALREADY SHOWN YOU EVERYTHING LIKELY, MISTRESS! NOW, THIS PISTOL...

STILL REMEMBER HOW HARD I TRIED! FINALLY, IN A WHARF-SIDE CURIO SHOP--

BUT I WANT SOMETHING **DIFFERENT**! THAT LITTLE FIGURE UP THERE--LET ME LOOK AT IT!

THAT! NO, MISTRESS, NO--NOT THAT!

IT'S FOR SALE, ISN'T IT? **BRING IT OUT!**

IT'S INCREDIBLY ANCIENT--AND THERE'S SOMETHING **STRANGE** ABOUT IT! AN OLD SAILOR SOLD IT TO ME--AND IF EVER I SAW **FEAR** IN A MAN'S EYES, IT WAS HIS!

A PRETTY YOUNG GIRL LIKE YOU SHOULDN'T...

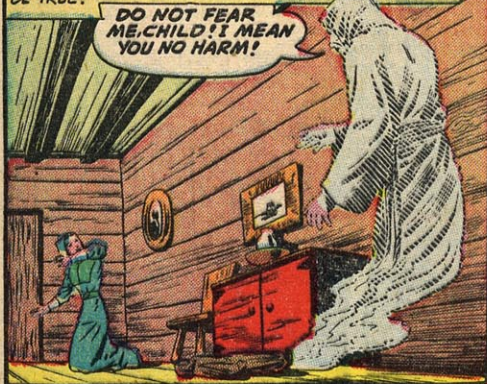
NONSENSE--THAT'S ALL SILLY **SUPERSTITION**! IT'S JUST WHAT I WANT--SOMETHING **DIFFERENT**--AND I'M BUYING IT!

AND SO I TOOK THE FIGURE HOME, MEANING TO POLISH IT! BUT AS I HELD IT, A STRANGE FEELING GRIPPED ME--AN AWFUL FEAR! WHAT WAS THIS ODD PANIC, CROWDING REALITY FROM MY MIND?

OH--HNN!

THEY...THE UNBELIEVABLE HAPPENED! FROM THE FALLEN FIGURE THERE EMERGED A GIANT, WRAITHLIKE SHAPE FROM OUT OF THE UNKNOWN ITSELF! NO, NO...THIS COULDN'T BE TRUE!"

DO NOT FEAR ME, CHILD! I MEAN YOU NO HARM!



MY TIME WAS IN THE DEAD PAST--BUT AS EVIL LIVES ON, SO CAN THE SPIRIT OF GOOD! I AM THAT SPIRIT--AND THOSE OF GOOD HEART AND CLEAR CONSCIENCE HAVE NOTHING TO FEAR FROM ME! INSTEAD, I CAN PROTECT THEM--GIVE THEM STRANGE POWERS!



IT--IT'S ALL A DREAM, A FIGMENT OF THE IMAGINATION! IT'S GOT TO BE!

YOU DOUBT THE EVIDENCE OF YOUR OWN SENSES? THEN COME WITH ME ON A JOURNEY INTO THE REALM OF THE UNDEAD! SEE THE CREATURES OF THIS LAND--AND KNOW THAT THEY ARE ALWAYS WITH YOU!



IT WAS A STRANGE AND TERRIFYING JOURNEY! I TREMBLED AS I WALKED WHERE MORTAL MAN HAD NEVER TROD--

THOSE...TREES! THEY SEEM LIVING--AND EVIL!

GIRD YOUR COURAGE, MY DAUGHTER! AHEAD LIE MORE FEARSOME SHAPES!



THEN THEY CAME, FLEETING TOWARDS ME--THE NAMELESS CREATURES OF THE UNKNOWN!



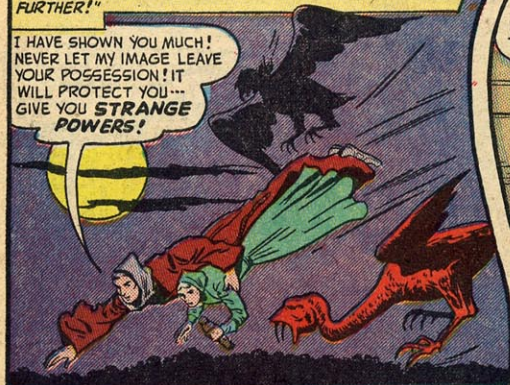
I FELT THEM PRESSING CLOSER--CLOSER! FRANTICALLY, I SCREAMED! BUT THEN--

FEAR NOT, CHILD! SEE HOW THEY COME NEAR--BUT NO NEARER! IT IS BECAUSE OF MY IMAGE THAT YOU HOLD IN YOUR HAND--AS LONG AS IT'S WITHIN YOUR GRASP, NEITHER MAN NOR THE UNKNOWN CAN HARM YOU!



"I FELT AN ODD REASSURANCE THEN! THE WEIRD FLIGHT BACK INTO THE WORLD OF REALITY COULD FRIGHTEN ME NO FURTHER!"

I HAVE SHOWN YOU MUCH!
NEVER LET MY IMAGE LEAVE
YOUR POSSESSION! IT
WILL PROTECT YOU---
GIVE YOU **STRANGE
POWERS!**



WOW! I TAKE IT ALL
BACK---THERE'S NOTHING
DRAB ABOUT **THAT GIRL!**
WITH AN IMAGINATION LIKE
THAT, SHE'D CLEAN UP WRITING
FOR RADIO
TODAY!

IMAGINATION,
EH? **JUST
READ
ON!**



"NEXT MORNING..."

IT---IT WAS ALL
A DREAM! IT
MUST HAVE
BEEN!



THERE'S BIG NEWS! THOMAS
DERRY HAS JUST RETURNED
FROM ENGLAND AFTER 25 YEARS
---AND THEY'VE ARRESTED HIM FOR
MURDERING
GUY FLINT!

I REMEMBER---THEY'D
BEEN ENEMIES, AND
AFTER DERRY SAILED,
THEY FOUND FLINT MISSING!
HE MUST HAVE FLED
AND RETURNED NOW,
THINKING IT
WOULD BE FOR-
GOTTEN! BUT NOW
---HE'LL **HANG**
FOR HIS CRIME!

HANG!
BUT---



"MY MIND WAS IN A WHIRL AS STRANGE
MEMORIES CROWDED IN ON ME---MEM-
ORIES FROM A LIFE BEYOND MY OWN!"

---BUT IT ISN'T SO!
FLINT WAS MURDERED
BY INDIANS---I
**REMEMBER IT
DISTINCTLY!**

WHY, IT ALL
HAPPENED
YEARS BEFORE
YOU WERE **BORN**,
SCARLETT!--YOU'RE
LOOKING **ODD!**
IS SOMETHING
WRONG?



"**C**ONFUSED, I RACED BACK TO MY ROOM.
GRASPED THE STRANGE FIGURE..."

I SAID THOSE WORDS BECAUSE I SEEMED
TO **REMEMBER** THAT IT HAPPENED THAT WAY!
IT'S RIDICULOUS, UNLESS---UNLESS WHAT HAPPENED
TO ME **WASN'T** A DREAM
---AND I DO HAVE
**STRANGE POWERS
NOW!**



"THEN CAME AN ODD, DIZZYING SENSATION! I SEEMED
TO BE FAINTING, THE ROOM SPINNING ABOUT ME..."

OH-HHHH...



"THE MISTS CLEARED...AND MAGICALLY, I FOUND MYSELF IN A DENSE FOREST!"

THEY...THEY'RE HERE AGAIN...THOSE AWFUL CREATURES OF THE UNKNOWN! BUT I'M PROTECTED...THEY CAN'T HARM ME!



Suddenly... GOOD HEAVENS... REDSKINS!



BETTER--HIDE HERE! THEY MAY COME BACK--



WHAT CORN! SHE'D MAKE A GOOD SOB SISTER ON THE DAILY CLARION!

I MAY BE AN OLD FOOL... BUT I CAN'T HELP BELIEVING IT'S ALL TRUE!



"HEAVY FOOTSTEPS DREW NEAR...AND THE SPIRITS VANISHED! THEN..."

STRANGE HOW I CAN RECOGNIZE A MAN I'VE NEVER SEEN...BUT THAT'S GUY FLINT, THE MAN DERRY IS CHARGED WITH HAVING MURDERED!



"MY TESTIMONY CREATED A SENSATION! BAILIFFS WERE SENT TO CHECK ON MY STORY, AND WHEN THEY RETURNED..."

IT'S TRUE YOUR HONOR! WE FOUND FLINT'S BODY IN THE HOLLOW TREE WITH AN INDIAN ARROW THROUGH HIM...JUST AS SHE SAID!

ALL THIS HAPPENED BEFORE YOU WERE BORN! HOW DID YOU KNOW?

WHY, I-- I--



"I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY, FOR NOBODY WOULD BELIEVE THE TRUTH! SENSING MY AGITATION, MY FATHER CAME TO MY AID..."

SHE...SHE MUST HAVE FOUND THE BODY ON A WALK THROUGH THE WOODS! YES...THAT'S IT!

THANK GOODNESS!

IT--IT'S COMING BACK AGAIN...THAT WEIRD SENSATION! I...I SEE A STRANGE CIVILIZATION...PEOPLE TRAVELING IN VEHICLES WHICH MOVE OF THEMSELVES, WITHOUT HORSES...MACHINES THAT FLY THROUGH THE AIR...

NOW I KNOW YOU'RE JOKING! PROVE IT--HERE'S PAPER AND A PENCIL! DRAW ME THESE THINGS YOU CLAIM TO SEE!

LATER, MY SECRET BECAME TOO MUCH FOR ME! I TRIED TO TELL HUGH--TO NO AVAIL!"

...AND I FELT THAT YOU, THE MAN I LOVE, SHOULD KNOW! THIS FIGURE...IT'S GIVEN ME STRANGE POWERS! THE POWER TO REMEMBER THINGS I NEVER KNEW--

HA-HA! TRYING TO FOOL ME, EH, YOU LITTLE MINX? SUPPOSE YOU PRODUCE ONE OF THESE GREAT MEMORIES FOR ME!

HERE THEY ARE--THESE! THEY CAN'T BELONG TO THE PAST, OR WE'D HAVE KNOWN SOMETHING ABOUT THEM! THEY...THEY MUST BE OUT OF THE FUTURE!

YOU'RE GETTING FUNNIER AND FUNNIER, SCARLETT! I'M AFRAID I'D HAVE TO ACTUALLY SEE THESE THINGS TO BELIEVE 'EM!

I'M GOING TO MARRY YOU, HUGH... SO IT'S IMPORTANT THAT YOU NOT ONLY BELIEVE ME, BUT SHARE MY POWER! THIS IMAGE ENABLED ME TO GO BACK INTO THE PAST... MAYBE IT CAN TAKE ME INTO THE FUTURE TOO! TAKE MY HAND...AND HOLD ON TIGHTLY!

YOU IN WHOSE IMAGE THIS FIGURE IS CARVED--TRANSPORT US TO THE TIME AND PLACE OF THE STRANGE DEVICES YOU HAVE REVEALED UNTO ME!

NOW, NOW, DEAR-- STILL PLAYING GAMES?

THEN, WITH A ROAR LIKE A THOUSAND MADDENED BEASTS, WE FOUND OURSELVES CAUGHT UP IN THE WILD VORTEX OF THE UNKNOWN!"



"THE NEXT THING WE KNEW, WE WERE IN THE MIDST OF A WONDER-
LAND SUCH AS I'D NEVER DREAMED COULD EXIST!"

OH-HH! THIS IS
IT... THE LAND I
ENVISIONED!

MERCIFUL
HEAVENS! ALL
THIS... IT'S
SORCERY!

HAW... LOOK
AT THOSE
GETUPS!

IS IT AN
INITIATION
...OR ARE
THEY ADVER-
TISING
SOME-
THING?

LET'S... LET'S
GET AWAY FROM
THEM, HUGH!

"NEXT MOMENT CAME CRIES FROM THE ON-
LOOKERS AS DEATH STARED US IN THE FACE!"

LOOK
OUT!

HELP!
WE'LL BE
...KILLED!

I CALL ON
YOU, YIELDER
OF UNKNOWN
POWERS!
SAVE
US!

DON'T YOU SEE, HUGH? AS
LONG AS I HAVE THE MONK'S
IMAGE, NOTHING CAN HARM
ME! AND IT'S SAVED
YOU, TOO!

I'M AFRAID,
SCARLETT...
AFRAID!
TAKE ME AWAY
FROM THIS...
THIS MAGIC!

SPIRIT, LET
US RETURN
TO OUR OWN
TIME!

ONCE
AGAIN WE DARED THE UNKNOWN
VORTEX AND SPANNED THE
CENTURIES! WE FOUND OUR-
SELVES ON FAMILIAR GROUNDS...

YOU CAN RELAX
NOW, DARLING!
WE'RE BACK
WHERE WE
BELONG!

GREAT
JEHOSEPHAT!

THEY... THEY
APPEARED OUT
OF THIN AIR!

"IT WAS THEN THAT THE UNEXPECTED
HAPPENED, SHOCKING ME TO THE CORE
OF MY BEING!"

WHAT... WHAT'S
THE MEANING
OF ALL THIS?

CAN'T YOU SEE,
YOU FOOLS? IT'S
NO FAULT OF MINE!
IT'S SCARLETT
DALTON... SHE'S
IN LEAGUE WITH
THE DEVIL!

OH, HUGH, NO... NO!
YOU COULDN'T...



THE TALISMAN THAT HAD GUARDED ME GONE, DESTROYED! AND FROM OUT OF THE UNKNOWN, THEY CAME, PRESSING IN ON ME, CLOSER...CLOSER...



BOY, COULD THAT GAL DREAM 'EM UP...TOO BAD HOLLYWOOD COULDN'T GRAB HER! BUT THERE ARE NO MORE ENTRIES IN HER DIARY...IT BREAKS OFF THERE!



WHILE WE WERE TRANSFERRIN' YER OLD FAMILY COFFINS TO THE TOWN PLOT, ONE OF 'EM BROKE OPEN! IT BELONGED TO SOMEONE NAMED SCARLETT DALTON, WHO DIED IN 1693! WE TRANSFERRED THE REMAINS, BUT WE FOUND THIS IN THE COFFIN!



THOSE SAME DRAWINGS...TAKEN FROM THE GRAVE OF A WOMAN DEAD ALMOST THREE CENTURIES! WELL, MR. REPORTER...DO YOU BELIEVE NOW?

GREAT SCOTT! ...YES, MR. DALTON ...I BELIEVE...



I BELIEVE THAT SCARLETT DARED THE UNKNOWN...AND I BELIEVE THE EXPERIENCES SHE TELLS OF! BUT...BUT...BUT WHY DIDN'T THE DIARY CONTINUE?

THEY BURNED HER FOR A WITCH, MAY GOD REST HER SOUL!



SPIRIT OF FRANKENSTEIN

A FINE PICTURE OF ME...AND A FINE CAPTION! "DR. DANIEL WARREN, EMINENT NUCLEAR SCIENTIST, AND HIS FIANCEE, MARCIA DUNCAN. AN UNIDENTIFIED ASSISTANT IS AT RIGHT!"

EVERYONE HAS HEARD OF FRANKENSTEIN'S MONSTER... THE FICTIONAL CREATURE THAT EXISTED ONLY IN LITERATURE! BUT SUPPOSE, IN THIS AGE OF SCIENCE, SUCH A CREATURE CAN BE CREATED... **IN THE SPIRIT OF FRANKENSTEIN HIMSELF!** OUR GRIPPING TALE BEGINS IN THE ATOMIC LABORATORY OF DR. DANIEL WARREN, WHERE A BITTER OLD SCIENTIFIC AIDE GLARES AT A NEWSPAPER...

WARREN'S ARM HIDING MY FACE... IT WAS **DELIBERATE!** NOW I KNOW **WHY** I'VE REMAINED AN **"UNIDENTIFIED ASSISTANT"** ALL THESE YEARS... WHILE AN UPSTART LIKE WARREN BECAME **FAMOUS!** HE'S BEEN JEALOUS OF ME... YES, AND WITH REASON!



"I WAS TOP MAN IN MY FIELD FOR THIRTY YEARS BEFORE HE CAME ALONG! NOW I'M AN ASSISTANT... WORKING IN THE WARREN LABORATORY... USING THE WARREN MOLECULE BEAM PROCESS IN THE WARREN CYCLOTRON! THEY'LL FORGET THE NAME OF PROF. LAMBERT PARDWAY WITHIN A WEEK AFTER I'VE DIED!"

WARREN DOESN'T KNOW IT... BUT I **WILL** DIE SOON... OF AN INCURABLE DISEASE! NOT MUCH OF MY LIFE IS LEFT... BUT ONE WAY OR ANOTHER, I'M GOING TO WIN FAME! ONE WAY OR ANOTHER... **THE WORLD WILL REMEMBER LAMBERT PARDWAY!**



AND WHILE PROFESSOR FARDWAY HOLDS HIS RANKLING GRUDGE, DAN WARREN HOLDS A DOLL!

I BOUGHT THAT DOLL FOR MY NIECE, DAN--BUT I CAN ALWAYS GET ANOTHER ONE FOR YOU!

AMAZING HOW THIS PLASTIC SKIN FEELS LIKE **LIVING TISSUE**, MARCIA! IF YOU USED THE SAME MATERIAL TO MAKE A FULL-SIZED FIGURE--IT WOULD CERTAINLY BE **REALISTIC!**

YES, I GUESS SO...BUT IT WOULD STILL BE A DOLL--AND FAR TOO BIG FOR A TOY!

I'M NOT THINKING OF TOYS! SUPPOSE YOU COULD ACTUALLY MAKE THE THING MOVE--GIVE IT THE ABILITY TO WALK AND UTTER SOUNDS? IT MIGHT NOT HAVE A SOUL...BUT IT WOULD BE **ALIVE!**

MY DOCTOR TOLD ME TO EASE OFF ON ATOMIC WORK AND FIND A HOBBY! **THIS IS IT, MARCIA--** AND IF THERE'S ANYONE WHO CAN HELP ME WORK OUT THE THOUSANDS OF PROBLEMS INVOLVED, IT'S **PROFESSOR FARDWAY!**



AT DAN'S LABORATORY-- YOU MAY NOT BELIEVE IT, DAN--BUT I'M EVEN **MORE** INTERESTED IN THE IDEA THAN YOU! LET'S START WORKING **NOW!**

A RADIO-CONTROLLED ROBOT IS OUR STARTING-POINT, PROFESSOR! ONCE WE'VE BUILT THAT--WE'LL BE WELL ON OUR WAY TOWARD THE CREATION OF A **SYNTHETIC MAN!** SOMETHING THAT'S REALLY IN THE **SPIRIT OF FRANKENSTEIN!**



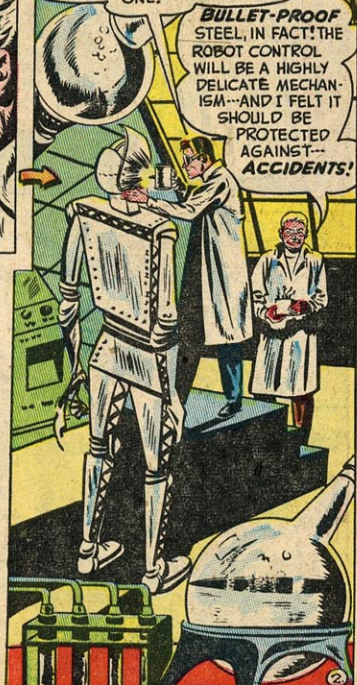
A ROBOT--A SYNTHETIC MAN--**A FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER!** I MAY BE DYING--BUT I'M GOING TO CONTRIBUTE SOMETHING TO THAT CREATURE--**SOMETHING THAT WILL MAKE IT MINE FOREVER!**



LITTLE DOES DAN SUSPECT WHAT THE NEXT MONTH MEANS TO FARDWAY--A NEW LIFE SLOWLY FORMING--AND HIS OWN SLOWLY FLICKERING OUT!

WE'RE COMING ALONG, PROFESSOR! PUTTING THE RADIO CONTROL IN A THICK STEEL BOX WAS **YOUR** IDEA--AND I THINK IT'S A GOOD ONE!

BULLET-PROOF STEEL, IN FACT! THE ROBOT CONTROL WILL BE A HIGHLY DELICATE MECHANISM--AND I FELT IT SHOULD BE PROTECTED AGAINST--ACCIDENTS!

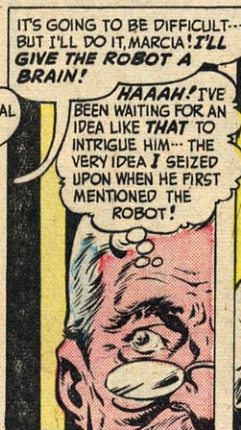
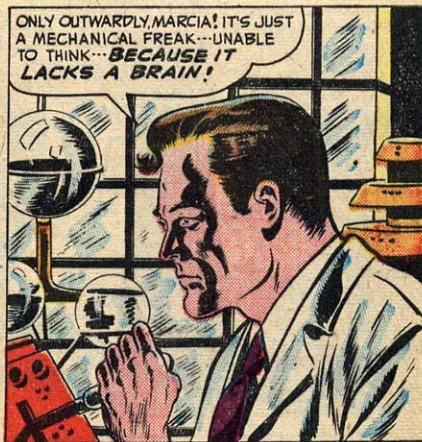


Finally-- IT'S WONDERFUL, DAN--BUT TERRIBLE-LOOKING!

FOR THE FIRST TIME--THE ROBOT MOVES!

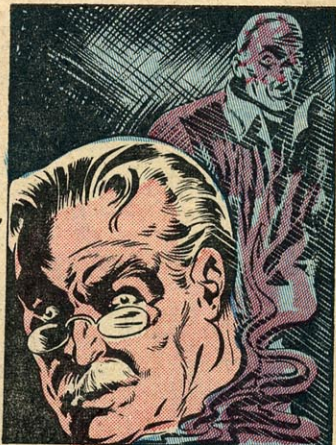
IT **HAD** TO BE MASSIVE, MARCIA--TO SUPPORT THE COMPLEX WORKING MECHANISM! NOW--LET'S SEE IF IT **IS** WORKING!



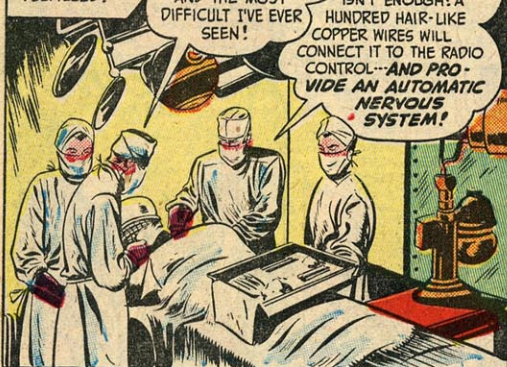




AND SO PROFESSOR PARDWAY DIES HAPPY --- HAPPY IN THE THOUGHT OF THE SOULLESS THING IN DAN'S LABORATORY!



That night...THE FATEFUL PROMISE IS FULFILLED!



THE ROBOT HAD MOVED BEFORE--BUT THIS IS NO LONGER A ROBOT! THIS IS A BEING THAT CAN THINK--A MONSTER!

THE DOOR--THE DOOR! WALK TO THE DOOR! I SHOULD BE ABLE TO CONTROL IT, EVEN NOW--BUT THERE'S SOMETHING STRANGE AT WORK HERE--SOMETHING STRONG ENOUGH TO INFLUENCE THE CREATURE'S MIND!



WARREN, WAIT--DON'T GET TOO CLOSE TO THAT THING!



SOMEONE'S GOT TO STOP IT--AND FAST!

DON'T LET THEM COW YOU! ESCAPE --- KEEP THEM FROM FOLLOWING!

THAT'S IT! CRUSH THE METAL DOOR SO THEY CAN'T PURSUE! SEE HOW EASY IT IS TO THINK?



I KNOW YOU COULDN'T HAVE FORESEEN THIS, WARREN---BUT THAT THING IS A **MENACE!**

THAT'S THE SHOCKER! WHY SHOULD IT BE--- WITH THE BRAIN OF A KINDLY, HARMLESS OLD MAN LIKE PROFESSOR PARDAWAY?



THAT'S RIGHT--- YOU'RE GOING OUT! YOU WON'T NEED INSTRUCTIONS MUCH LONGER--- YOU'RE LEARNING!



AND SO, THROUGH THE SLEEPING CITY---A THING WITH AN EVIL BRAIN AND A SINISTER WILL---AND A DESTINATION!



SHORTLY AFTERWARD---AT DAN'S LABORATORY---

SOMEHOW I WISH THAT TERRIBLE OPERATION HADN'T TAKEN PLACE!...**DAN...IS THAT YOU?**



OH---IT'S YOU, PROFESSOR PARDAWAY! I DIDN'T EXPECT---

PROFESSOR PARDAWAY! NO---NO---IT CAN'T BE!

I WAS A LITTLE SURPRISED MYSELF TO FIND I COULD COME BACK! I INTEND TO ACCOMPLISH MUCH, MUCH MORE THAN I EVER DID WHILE **LIVING!**

NOW PARDAWAY'S SEETHING HATRED COMES TO THE SURFACE---IN THE FORM OF A VENGEFUL GHOST THAT NEEDS NO DISGUISE!

I CAN TELL FROM YOUR TONE HOW YOU FEEL TOWARD DAN! BUT IF THAT'S THE CASE---WHY DID YOU BEQUEATH YOUR BRAIN TO DAN'S ROBOT?

DAN'S ROBOT! LISTEN--- AND TRY TO GUESS!



SLOW, THUDDING FOOTFALLS...CLOSER...CLOSER...

**THUMP...
THUMP...
THUMP...**



I UNDERSTAND NOW!
IT'S YOUR BRAIN...
**AND YOUR
ROBOT!**
YOU PLANNED
THIS-- PLANNED
TO GET REVENGE
WITH THAT!

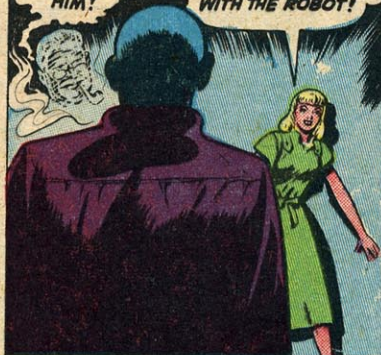
AND WITH THE THING
WARREN HIMSELF MADE!
BUT HE'S THROUGH MAKING
THINGS IN **THIS**
LABORATORY! THE
ROBOT'S MINE--
**AND IT KNOWS
WHAT TO DO!**

A ROBOT
OF TERRIBLE
POWER...
DOMINATED
BY AN
EVIL AND
VENGEFUL
BRAIN!



I CAN GO NOW
--AND LEAVE
THINGS TO
HIM!

FARAWAY...YOU'RE DIS-
APPEARING! **YOU'RE
LEAVING ME ALONE
WITH THE ROBOT!**



DAN'S LABORATORY...THE PRICELESS
EQUIPMENT HE SPENT YEARS
DEVELOPING! **STOP...
GET BACK!**



NO ONE CAN STOP IT...NO
ONE BUT DAN! IF HE'S STILL
AT THE HOSPITAL--**IF I
CAN ONLY REACH
THE PHONE...**



IT STOPPED...BUT WHY?
WHY IS IT TURNING...
TOWARD ME?









HIGH VOLTAGE, EH?

JUST ENOUGH TO STUN IT...**TEMPORARILY!** AND ONCE IT REVIVES, WE MAY FIND THAT THE CURRENT HAS ACTED ON THE NERVOUS SYSTEM IN SUCH A WAY THAT THE ROBOT IS **STRENGTHENED... AND INDESTRUCTIBLE!**

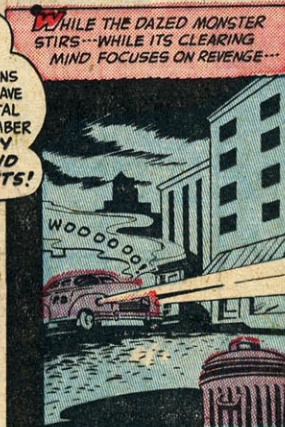


DAN, **PARDWAY** WAS HERE...**PARDWAY'S GHOST! HE'S** THE POWER BEHIND THE ROBOT!

PARDWAY! THEN IT **WAS** HIS VOICE I HEARD RIGHT AFTER THE OPERATION! HE WAS COACHING THE ROBOT...GIVING IT THE FIRST STIRRING OF THOUGHT...PREPARING IT FOR **THIS!**



PARDWAY HAD ME COMPLETELY FOOLED...BUT NOW THERE **IS** A WAY OUT! CONTROLLING THE ROBOT MEANS DESTROYING THE EVIL SPIRIT THAT GOVERNS IT...**PARDWAY'S GHOST!** YOU'LL HAVE TO BRING HIS BODY FROM THE HOSPITAL...AND REMEMBER **EVERY SECOND COUNTS!**



WHILE THE DAZED MONSTER STIRS...WHILE ITS CLEARING MIND FOCUSES ON REVENGE...



HUUGH...

THAT'S WHAT HUMAN HATE CAN LOOK LIKE, MARCIA...WHEN IT COMES FROM A MIND LIKE **PARDWAY'S!** AND IF IT EVER CUTS LOOSE...**IT WILL SMASH EVERYTHING IN ITS PATH!**



MINUTES LATER...

HERE IT IS, DR. WARREN...**PARDWAY!**

OVER THIS WAY! QUICK...THE MONSTER'S ON ITS FEET!



DAN READIES THE UNDAMAGED CYCLOTRON...

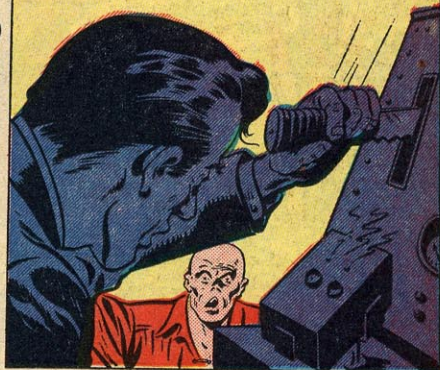
A GHOST IS DEPENDENT ON THE ATOMIC STRUCTURE OF THE BODY IT HAS LEFT! BY SUBJECTING IT TO NUCLEAR FISSION...**WE'LL DESTROY HIS GHOST! SCIENTIFIC GHOST-BREAKING, GET IT?**

HE **KNOWS**, DAN! HIS GHOST IS **HERE!**

YOU'LL DESTROY ME, HAH? BUT WILL YOU HAVE TIME, WARREN... TIME TO MAKE YOUR DIAL SETTINGS BEFORE THE ROBOT REACHES YOU?



THE ROBOT STALKS CLOSER... ITS RASPING BREATH PANTING LOUDER... LOUDER...



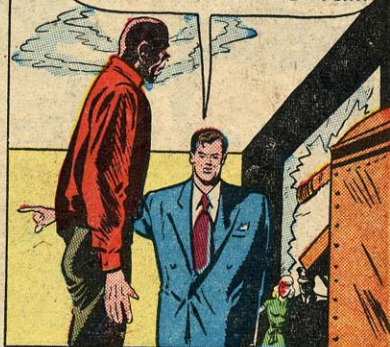
And then... AS A SURGE OF ATOMIC ENERGY HUMS INSIDE THE CYCLOTRON...



LIKE AN EVIL FOG CAUGHT IN A RISING WIND... PARDWAY'S GHOST VANISHES!



YOU MAY STILL HAVE PARDWAY'S BRAIN... BUT THE WILL BEHIND IT IS GONE! TURN AROUND... AND HEAD FOR THAT SMALL ROOM!



UNCERTAIN WHETHER TO OBEY... RELUCTANT TO YIELD ITS HALF-TRIED POWERS... THE ROBOT GROWLS DEFIANCE!



Then... HALF-MASTERED... IT SLOWLY TURNS!



DON'T YOU THINK YOU'D BETTER DESTROY IT, DAN... WHILE YOU HAVE THE CHANCE?

I THINK IT WILL STAY TAMED NOW, MARCIA... WITH PARDWAY'S INFLUENCE BROKEN! IF IT CAN BE TAUGHT TO ACT LIKE A HUMAN... IT WILL BE A TREMENDOUS SCIENTIFIC TRIUMPH!



BUT THERE'S A WARNING GLINT IN THAT UNFLICKERING GAZE... THE SMOLDERING THREAT OF UNTAMED FURY... AND IT BREAKS LOOSE IN THE NEXT ISSUE!



PAUL WILLIAMS AND BOB HANSON, FRIENDS AND ARDENT STUDENTS OF INDIAN FOLKLORE, ONE DAY FOUND SOMETHING TO ARGUE ABOUT...

I'M TELLING YOU-- THIS LEGEND OF THE **BLONDE WITCH** IS **FASCINATING**, BOB!! I WISH I KNEW ALL THE DETAILS OF IT!

“RIDICULOUS...” NOTHING BUT HEARSAY! I'M A **SCIENTIST**, PAUL... AND TO ME, THIS IS AN OLD INDIAN FAIRY TALE OF A BOGEY THAT DOESN'T EXIST!



BARBARA HANSON OFTEN FOUND HERSELF CAUGHT BETWEEN SUCH HEATED DEBATES! HER BROTHER BOB BELIEVED ONLY IN WHAT HE COULD SEE... WHILE HER FIANCE, PAUL, LOVED TO STUDY THE SUPERNATURAL!

WE'VE BEEN TALKING ABOUT THIS NONSENSE FOR AN HOUR NOW! I'D LIKE TO SEE YOU GO DOWN TO THE SWAMP REGION WITH ME AND **PROVE** THE EXISTENCE OF YOUR GRUESOME BLONDE!

OKAY... I **ACCEPT THE CHALLENGE!**

IF YOU TWO THINK THAT YOU'RE GOING TO CHASE THAT BLONDE WITH- OUT ME, YOU'RE **MISTAKEN!** I'M GOING WITH YOU, AND NO ARGUING ABOUT THAT!



TWO WEEKS LATER, THE TRIO WERE ON THEIR WAY TO THE DREADED SWAMP REGION OF LOUISIANA!

TO ME, THINGS HAVE TO BE **PROVED**... OR I'LL HAVE NONE OF THEM!

OLD FOLK LEGENDS ARE BASED ON **FACTS**... **WAIT AND SEE!**

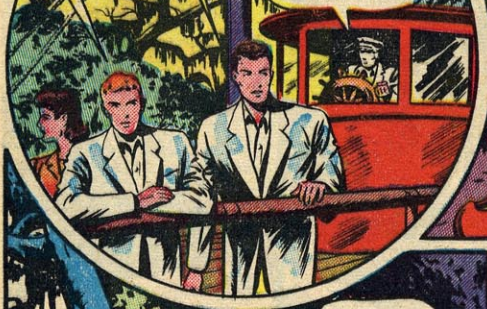
YOUR CANOE READY, FOLKS? WE'RE APPROACHIN' THE OCHAKALOOSA SWAMP! YOU'RE THE FIRST WHITE HUMANS I EVER DROPPED OFF HERE! AND THAT'S AS FAR AS I GO!

OCHAKALOOSA WAS THE NAME THE TUSCA INDIANS HAD GIVEN THEIR GHASTLY BLONDE GODDESS, AND THIS BLACK BAYOU SWAMP WAS NAMED AFTER HER...

GOODNESS... LOOK AT THOSE TREES! THEY SEEM TO BE WARNING US... THEY GIVE ME THE **CREEPS!**

NOW DON'T GET PANICKY! A TREE IS A TREE!

THIS SWAMP'S ALIVE WITH THE **UNKNOWN**... THE **SUPER-NATURAL**! IT... IT'S **THRILLING!**



HMM... INTERESTING VEGETATION HERE!

THAT'S NOT ALL THAT'S INTERESTING! **LOOK OUT!**



SNEAKING UP ON PEOPLE, EH?

LOOK OUT... REDSKINS! THE SWAMP IS ALIVE WITH THEM!

Then... CAPTURE BY THE ANGRY TUSCA INDIANS!

LOOK HERE, CHIEF... THE ONLY REASON WE CAME HERE IS TO FIND OUT ALL ABOUT YOUR **BLONDE WITCH!** TELL US EVERYTHING ABOUT HER, CHIEF, PLEASE! DOES SHE REALLY... **KILL?**

WITCH IS HERE... **KILLS!** THIS **HER** LAND! **SHE TAKE CARE OF YOU IF YOU NOT GO!**

STRANGE PEOPLE IN OCHAKALOOSA'S LAND! WITCH WILL BE ANGRY! TONIGHT WE HOLD **SACRIFICE RITUAL** TO AVOID HER FURY!

A RITUAL FOR THE WITCH! GEE, THAT'S A CHANCE I'M NOT GOING TO MISS UP ON! **WE'LL SNEAK BACK AFTER DARK AND WATCH FROM HIDING!**

That night...

I, MEDICINE MAN OF TUSCA TRIBE, HAVE SPOKEN TO OCHAKALOOSA! YOU, YOUNG FIGHTING WOLF, BE **SACRIFICED** TONIGHT AS OFFERING TO **BLONDE WITCH OF THE SWAMP!**





A MOMENT LATER, AS A GHASTLY GROUP OF CATFISH, THOSE MURDEROUS "SHARKS OF THE BAYOU", SET OUT TO DEVOUR THE VICTIM...

QUICK... THOSE HORRIBLE MONSTERS'LL GET HIM!

RUN FAST! NO GOOD FOR MAN'S EYE TO SEE WITCH!



THE YOUNG INDIAN, IMMENSELY GRATEFUL, TOLD THEM ALL THEY WANTED TO KNOW...

IS IT TRUE THAT SHE'S BEAUTIFUL... THAT SHE LURES MEN TO DOOM?

YES! SHE LURES WITH HER BLONDE HAIR, KILLS! YOU CLOSE TO HER LAND HERE... NO GO FURTHER!

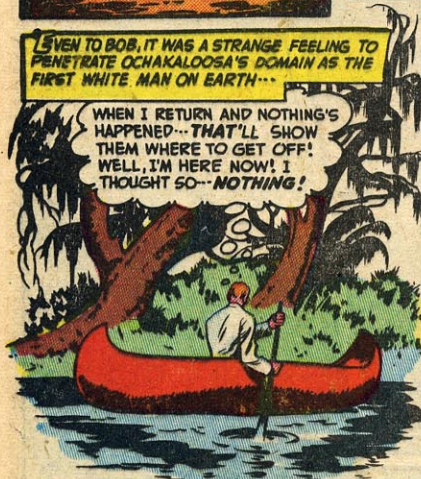


SHE COMES FROM BAYOU, FROM TREES, FROM MOSS! SHE SO BEAUTIFUL MAN CAN NO LOOK IN HER EYES! BUT IF MAN BRAVE ENOUGH TO GRAB HER HAIR... HER POWER GONE FOREVER!



NO MAN EVER ABLE TO DO THIS! THEY SINK IN SWAMP WHILE WITCH LAUGHS... LAUGHS!

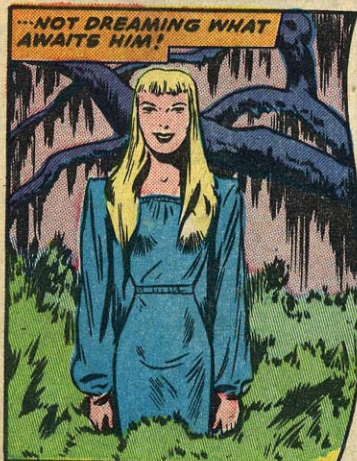




JULEK, SUDDENLY, BOB'S HAIR ROSE...AS THE AWFUL CREATURE CHANGED INTO ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMEN HE HAD EVER SEEN IN HIS LIFE!









OH!

YOU'RE POWER-
LESS TO RESIST!
COME...FOLLOW
ME! STEP BY
STEP...TOWARDS
THE SWAMP...



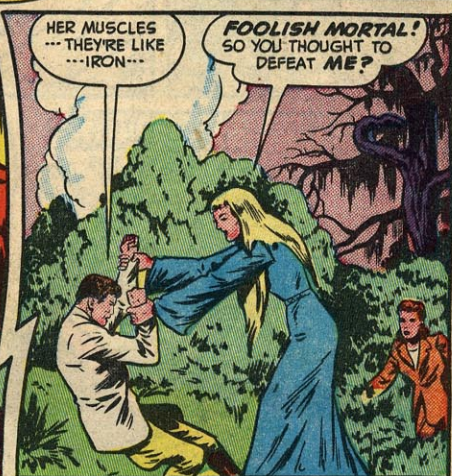
PAUL...FIGHT
HER, PAUL!
**FIGHT
HER!**



BARBARA'S VOICE
...IT'S BROKEN YOUR
EVIL SPELL! YOU
WON'T GET ME NOW,
YOU DEVIL!



...BUT SHE'S **GROWING**
...**BECOMING HUGE!** I
...I CAN'T STRUGGLE
AGAINST ANYTHING
LIKE **THAT!**



HER MUSCLES
...THEY'RE LIKE
...IRON...

FOOLISH MORTAL!
SO YOU THOUGHT TO
DEFEAT ME?



**HELP!
HELP!**

HER HAIR,
PAUL...
**GRAB
HER
HAIR!**



**NO!
DON'T!**

YOUR ONLY
VULNERABLE
SPOT...AND
I'VE GOT
IT!



LOOK OUT!
YOU'RE
MOVING
TOWARDS
THE
SWAMP!

**I CAN'T
HELP IT!** HER
BODY'S SUDDENLY
GONE LIMP...BUT
SOME AWFUL FORCE
SEEMS TO BE
PUSHING IT
TOWARDS THE
WATER!



The TOWN from BEYOND

WHAT a time to run out of gas—and what a place! It was a little-traveled, back-country road in Connecticut, between Ridgefield and Crescent Bend, without a gas station within miles. John Gregg often traveled such roads—as a painter, he had found some of his best subjects along their lonely stretches. There was nothing to do now, he felt, but cut across country until he reached a farmhouse that might sell him some fuel. The terrain grew wild as he left the highway, and he was more than surprised when he saw a girl's figure confronting him.

His surprise stemmed mainly from the fact that he could have sworn that there'd been no one there a second ago—and also from the strange costume that the girl was wearing. An odd headdress—an apron—wooden shoes! What was a Dutch girl doing in a wilderness like this? Devilishly pretty, too, and she'd doubtless mistaken him for someone else, for she ran towards him calling "Peter! Peter!" Only when she had almost reached him did she discover her error. Recoiling with a strangely frightened gasp, she turned to run, but paused at Gregg's restraining hand on her arm. "Why hurry?" he smiled. "You've nothing to fear."

"But you're—you're one of them!" she faltered. Gregg didn't know what she meant, but realized that here was a wild alarm which needed reassurance. He applied himself to it, and successfully, for within a few minutes she seemed to have lost her earlier panic, and they were conversing like old friends. Gretchen Vanvelt, her name was, and she displayed an odd eagerness to know every detail of John Gregg's life—the clothes he wore, the sort of house he lived in and countless similar details. And when it came to the mention of modern inventions such as automobiles, airplanes

and the like, Gretchen displayed only an amazed ignorance. She murmured something which Gregg didn't quite get about returning only once in a century, but he took it to mean that she resided in an old-fashioned community which was off the beaten track, hence a bit out of touch with the modern world. He was too occupied in looking at Gretchen, admiring her quaint loveliness. As time flew past, he was conscious of the fact that he was falling in love with her—and that night was fast drawing on.

There was only one thing to do, and that was to find quarters until the next day in Gretchen's village. She displayed a strange terror when Gregg suggested it, meeting all his arguments with vehement objections. There was something unreal and mysterious about her which made her even lovelier, and before Gregg knew it, he had gathered her in his arms. When he released her, she was strangely silent. When her words finally came, they sounded hollow, far-off. "It wasn't meant to be, John," she said, "but I've come to love you in these short hours! Yes, I'll take you to my town, but you may find it—*strange!* No one from the outside world has entered it for the past three centuries! There may be danger for you, John—*deadly danger!* Tell me—do you still wish to visit St. Yost?"

She *couldn't* mean what she was saying, Gregg thought—she was probably only testing his love. He told her that he was determined to go with her, and hand in hand they scaled the high hill beyond which, she told him, St. Yost lay situated. From the hilltop he looked down—and almost reeled dizzily. A swirling mist covered the valley below—a weird mist which seemed almost alive.

When the mist engulfed Gregg, he felt a suffocating and oppressive sensation—a strange feeling of something ancient

and long dead almost like invading an old graveyard. Through the wraithlike fog he perceived scattered lights which made him feel that this was more like it, that at least they were coming to human habitations. At length they reached a large and weatherbeaten old establishment which, from its creaking sign, he rightfully identified as an inn. It would be good to get out of this devilish fog and next to a roaring fire! And so, breathing a sigh of relief and with Gretchen still on his arm, John Gregg entered.

The inn's public room was crowded, and Gregg reeled back in horrified amazement as he saw its inhabitants. *No—this couldn't be so!* The room was crystal clear—but all of the fog of the outdoors seemed concentrated in the figures of the people. Like Gretchen, all of them were in old Dutch costume. He could distinguish their features plainly enough, but their bodies! *Swirling, transparent mist!* The people in the room were looking at him now, with growing anger in their misty faces. They were drifting towards him, encircling him, like creatures out of a nightmare from which he couldn't wake. From each of them there exuded a cold aura that chilled him to the marrow. There was but one refuge for him—warm, vibrant Gretchen. He felt the pressure of her arm on his, but strangely enough, it now seemed as chill as the beings which surrounded him. A terrible suspicion clutching at his mind, he wheeled towards her. Yes, it was still Gretchen—but a Gretchen of drifting mists!

Terror clutched at John Gregg's throat. Sensing it, the mist-woman at his side spoke tremulously, in broken-hearted accents. "I—I tried to warn you, my darling," she whispered. "I told you that our love wasn't meant to be, that there was danger for you if you came here! I—no, *Peter! Don't!*" Her last words were spoken in a shriek, directed imploringly at a mist-creature of build similar to Gregg's which now leaped out of the circle surrounding them. It was the man for whom she had mistaken Gregg on their first meeting. Consumed with

hatred and jealousy, he sprang at Gregg's throat, and in a trice, the two were locked in mortal combat!

It was an unequal duel—rendered even more unequal by the other mist creatures that entered the fray. John Gregg fought with all his power, but to what avail were human muscles against these wraithlike beings? Finally he was battered to the floor and they gathered for a final assault, but then it was that Gretchen came to his aid. Springing in the path of their charge, she cried, "*Run, John! Run!*" There was nothing here for him but grim death, and with an awful fear clutching at his heart, Gregg staggered out into the fog that enshrouded the eerie village of St. Yost. He had to escape—*escape!*

He must have wandered for hours in a daze, for the next thing he knew, it was morning, and he was approaching the road. Last night's happenings seemed unreal in the warm sunlight. That was it—they hadn't happened at all! It must have been his imagination, touched off by a recurrent bout of the malaria he had contracted in the South Pacific. Gregg's train of thought was, suddenly broken off by the sight of an old man who had been walking along the road and had now stopped, regarding him with healthy curiosity. "Where'd you come from?" the rustic asked. "There's nothin' in *that* direction except the ruins of that ol' village o' St. Yost!"

The ruins of St. Yost! Then it *hadn't* been imagination—but what strange mystery lay here? And Gregg's excited questioning brought forth a weird story. St. Yost had been founded centuries before by Dutch colonists who departed from the ways of God undertaking a species of devil worship. Their sin met a terrible retribution. Three hundred years ago to the night, the village and all in it had been destroyed by an avalanche. But legend had it that once each century, on the anniversary of its destruction, St. Yost and its inhabitants appeared again. *Ghost creatures—and a town from beyond!*

THE GHOSTLY CREW

HISTORIANS HAVE NEVER SOLVED THE MYSTERY OF THE MARY CELESTE... WHICH SAILED THE SEA WITHOUT A LIVING SOUL ABOARD! DOES THE ANSWER LIE IN THIS AMAZING ADVENTURE INTO THE UNKNOWN? JUDGE FOR YOURSELF THE ANCIENT SAILOR'S STORY OF **THE GHOSTLY CREW!**

ABOARD A TRANS-ATLANTIC LINER
IN MID-OCEAN...

LOOK ALOFT,
CAPTAIN!



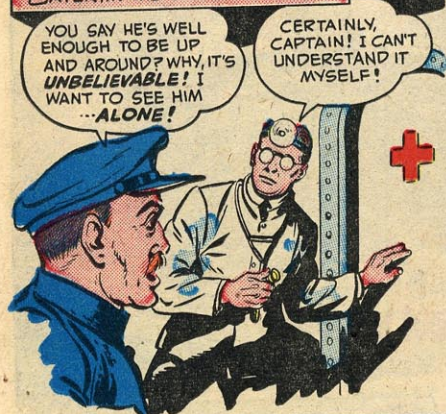
HIGH ABOVE, A SEAMAN FALLS
TOWARD CERTAIN DOOM!



A SICKENING THUD ON THE DECK, AND THEN...

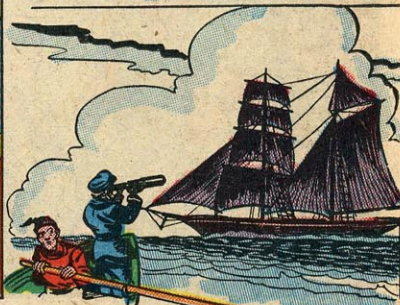


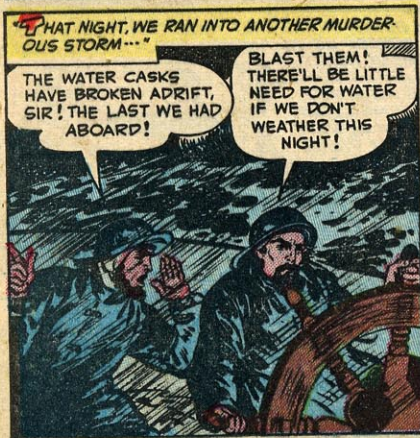
LATER, IN THE SHIP'S INFIRMARY...

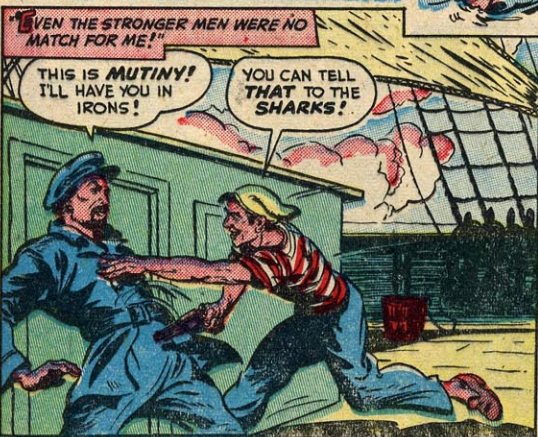
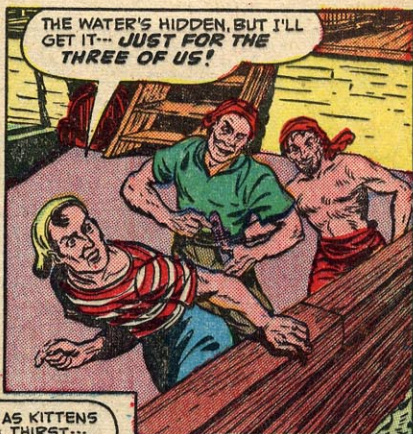




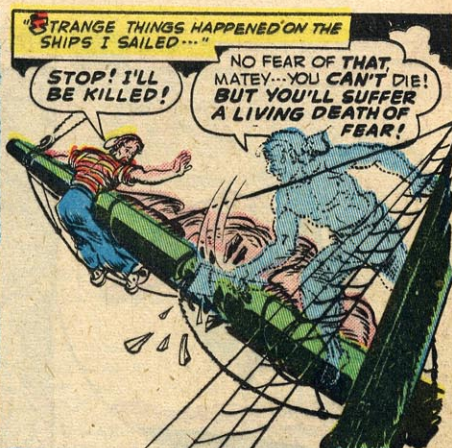
HISTORICAL NOTE: ON DEC. 4, 1872, THE MARY CELESTE, SEAWORTHY AND SOUND, WAS FOUND SAILING FAR OUT AT SEA-- WITHOUT A MAN ABOARD! WHY SHE WAS ABANDONED REMAINS TO THIS DAY ONE OF THE UNSOLVED MYSTERIES OF THE DEEP!











"TODAY, FOR THE HUNDRETH TIME, I TRIED TO END IT ALL!"

MAYBE IF I JUMP FAST, THEY'LL BE CAUGHT OFF GUARD!



"BUT ONCE AGAIN THEY LIGHTENED MY FALL..."

SO YOU THOUGHT TO ESCAPE US, EH? NOT WHILE YOUR MURDEROUS GUILT IS STILL PENNED UP WITHIN YOU!



AND THAT'S WHY I'VE CONFESSED ALL THIS TO YOU... NOW MAYBE I CAN DIE IN PEACE AT LAST!

DIE? NONSENSE, MAN... YOU'RE AS HEALTHY AS I AM!



GOOD HEAVENS, WHAT... SURGEON! SURGEON!



STRANGE, SIR... HE'S DEAD, AND NO SIGN OF INJURY ON HIM!

PERHAPS THESE OLD SHIPPING PAPERS HOLD THE ANSWER...



CERTIFICATE OF 1872
ELIAS FRAGG,
SEAMAN, 1ST CLASS
THE MARY CELESTE
SAILING NOV. 7

HISTORY HAS NEVER SOLVED THE MYSTERY OF THE MARY CELESTE! PERHAPS, FOR AN ANSWER, WE MUST ACCEPT THIS WEIRD ADVENTURE INTO THE UNKNOWN!



CALLING ALL READERS!

Greetings, all you ADVENTURES INTO THE UNKNOWN fans! The time's rolled around for us to get together again and discuss the subject which is closest to our hearts—that strange realm of unknown mysteries that lies just beyond the border of our humdrum lives!

Perhaps it was foreordained that your editor wind up at the helm of such a magazine as this. For from the time that he was knee high, he's been interested in the *supernatural*—fascinated by tales of ghosts, goblins and all of the creatures which, legend has it, inhabit the great *Unknown*. He still remembers whistling loudly to hide a quaking heart as he walked past the supposedly haunted Peters house, and shuddering delightedly to the whispered stories of spirits and specters which backgrounded his youth. And despite the fact that these tales were doubtless the products of sheerest imagination, he wouldn't have missed any of them for the world!

Yes, we said *imagination*—and that's what we mean! It may be that just beyond the borderline of reality there lie strange and unknown beings and a world of eerie fantasy—but we can do no more than speculate on all this until it's proven as a matter of cold, scientific fact. Many, of course, will disagree with us, including numerous educated and intelligent folk who will cite their own experiences as well as countless documented and attested instances of the *supernatural* that can't be readily explained on the basis of physical laws. To such claimants, we say simply and honestly that we don't know. We're willing to be convinced, but until such a time, let's chalk it up to good, old-fashioned imagination—and call it loads of fun at that!

We're glad to state that you readers seem to be getting loads of fun out of it. We've been swamped under by your mail—but we love it! Here's a couple of letters that you might be interested in—and they bear out the point we've been driving at!

"I think 'ADVENTURES INTO THE UNKNOWN' is the greatest comic I've ever seen. I've always been interested in the supernatural and believe in it strongly. I go for the way you present these stories—they sure are stimulating to the imagination!"

Herbert Katz
2134 Aqueduct Ave., N. Y. C.

"Orchids to you on 'ADVENTURES INTO THE UNKNOWN'—it thrilled me from beginning to end! Personally, I don't believe in the *Unknown*, but when it comes to stories of swell imagination, your magazine is all there!"

S. Dimesa
Biloxi, Miss.

So, whether you be a believer or disbeliever, remember that this world isn't peopled by ghosts who are waiting to get at you. The *Unknown*, if it does exist, isn't necessarily a menace. Instead, it's a *challenge*—a challenge which this magazine of ours answers! And you can do *your* part, too! You can explore this fascinating realm with us in each and every issue—and send in your letters telling us *your* reactions to what we're attempting! That's all for now. See you in our next issue, and, until then—Happy Adventuring!

THE EDITOR

CONTEST NEWS!—Did you enter our recently-closed ADVENTURES INTO THE UNKNOWN contest? We received countless entries, now in the process of being judged. The grand prize-winning contribution, which will receive top money, will appear in our next issue, in the shape of a picture story which will carry the winner's name as author! Don't miss it—it may be *your* entry! And even if it isn't, we guarantee it'll be one of the most fascinating adventures into the unknown you've ever encountered! Scan it to see what's happening to your fellow readers. You'd better—because some day it may happen to you!

NOW AT LAST YOU, TOO, CAN MAKE YOUR OWN GREETING CARDS
WITH YOUR **GIANT MAKE-A-CARD set!**



YES! THE WHOLE TOWN'S TALKING ABOUT BOB AND BETTY SINCE THEY GOT THEIR



WE GUARANTEE THAT WITHIN A FEW MINUTES AND FOR JUST A FEW PENNIES YOU CAN MAKE THE MOST DELIGHTFUL AND PROFESSIONAL LOOKING GREETING CARDS YOU EVER SAW—THE KIND THAT WOULD COST YOU MANY TIMES THE PRICE IN ANY RETAIL STORE. WHAT'S MORE YOU CAN GO INTO BUSINESS FOR YOURSELF BY MAKING AND SELLING THESE BEAUTIFUL CARDS TO YOUR FAMILY, FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS. JUST THINK OF ALL THAT EXTRA SPENDING MONEY!

SEND FOR YOUR AMAZING OUTFIT TO FUN AND PROFIT! GET **ABSOLUTELY FREE** OUR INTRODUCTORY GIFT OF AMERICA'S FUNNIEST FELLOW—THE **MAKE-A-FACE CLOWN!**



MAIL COUPON NOW!

MARTLYN MERCHANDISE COMPANY
1965 80TH STREET
BROOKLYN, 14, N.Y., N.Y.

ONLY \$1.00

I am enclosing \$1.00 (check, cash, money order) as full payment for my MAKE-A-CARD outfit—together with my free MAKE-A-FACE-CLOWN. RUSH!

PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS (NOT AVAILABLE IN CANADA)

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____

GET STARTED ON THE ROAD TO FUN AND PROFIT!

STRANGE SPIRITS

**SOUTH SEA
SUPERSTITIONS**

UNTIL RECENTLY, THE NATIVES OF NEW GUINEA WERE HEAD-HUNTERS... AND FEW EXPLORERS LIVED LONG ENOUGH TO LEARN ANYTHING ABOUT THEM! BUT WHILE OUTWARDLY FEARLESS, THESE SAVAGE WARRIORS LIVED IN CRINGING TERROR OF NIGHT-ROVING DEMONS WHOM THEY BELIEVED, SOMETIMES WIPE OUT WHOLE VILLAGES!

EVEN THE STRONGEST WARRIOR FEARS THE BWAGA... THE WITCH-DOCTOR WHOSE CURSE OF DEATH, IT IS SAID, NONE CAN ESCAPE!

THE OWLS AND BATS ARE EVIL SPIRITS GUIDING THE BWAGA... GUIDING HIM TO ME!

BE BRAVE! OUR SPEARS WILL PROTECT YOU!



BUT THE BWAGA COMES NO NEARER... HE POINTS A CHARMED STICK AT HIS VICTIM... AND LIGHTNING STRIKES IN A FLASH!

AAAGH!



THERE ARE THINGS THE BWAGA HIMSELF FEARS! THINGS LIKE THE STRANGE, WEIRDLY-COLORED SERPENTS THAT SOMETIMES ENTER A VILLAGE!

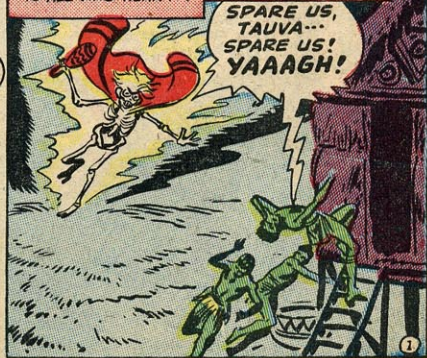
THIS SNAKE LOOKS DANGEROUS! I WILL BE A WARRIOR... AND KILL IT!

NO... DON'T! YOU'LL INSULT THE TAUVA... THE DEMON WHO SENT THE SERPENT! NOW HE WILL DESTROY OUR VILLAGE!



(:)ND NEW GUINEANS SAY THAT THE TAUVA DOES COME... OUT OF THE NIGHT-SHROUDED JUNGLE... SHAKING A RATTLE THAT IS A DEATH-SUMMONS TO ALL WHO HEAR IT!

SPARE US, TAUVA... SPARE US! YAAAGH!



THE TOKWAY, THEY SAY, IS A JUNGLE-DEMON--LURKING IN THE MIST-SHROUDED FORESTS!

THIS PLACE IS BEWITCHED! THERE IS DANGER HERE--I FEEL IT!

WE CANNOT MAKE A CANOE UNLESS WE CHOP DOWN THIS ONE!



A BLOOD-CURLING WAIL--AND THE LUCKLESS WARRIORS TOPPLE UNDER A BOLT THAT STRIKES LIKE RED-HOT NEEDLES!

EEEEEEYOW!

CRRRAK!



THE YOYOVA SEEK NATIVES WHO VENTURE SEAWARD IN THEIR FLIMSY CANOES--AND THEIR FLIGHT BEGINS WHEN THEY SWING FROM THEIR VINE-FES-TOONED LAIRS!

BUT MOST DANGEROUS, THEY BELIEVE, IS THE YOYOVA--THE WITCH WHO LIVES AMONG THE MONSTROUS BATS KNOWN AS FLYING FOXES!



A FIERY STREAK WHIZZES ACROSS THE INKY SKY--AND FROM FAR OFF SOUNDS A CACKLING NOTE OF DOOM!

LOOK--A SHOOTING STAR! IT IS THE OMEN OF A GOOD VOYAGE!

BUT I HEAR LAUGHTER--LAUGHTER IN THE SKY! IT'S THE YOYOVA--THE NIGHT-WITCH!



IN THE NEXT INSTANT A HUGE WAVE SURGES FROM NOWHERE--AND THE DREAD YOYOVA SWOOPS TOWARD ITS PREY!



SUPERSTITIONS ALL! YET HUNDREDS OF NEW GUINEA NATIVES DIE MYSTERIOUSLY EVERY YEA--FROM SHEER TERROR CREATED BY THEIR OWN IMAGINATIONS!

The SPECTRAL SINGER



STRANGE, EERIE NOISES FROM OUT OF THE UNKNOWN...A QUAVERING SONG FROM NOWHERE...YES, THERE'S MORE THAN MUSTY LEGEND BEHIND THE SECRET OF CRAGSIDE HALL! THERE'S THE GHOST OF SOMETHING STRONGER THAN DEATH...AND IT WAITS TO JOIN "THE SPECTRAL SINGER!"

GEORGE HASTINGS AND ALICIA BRADWELL WERE NEARLY BOWLED OVER WHEN THEY MET...JUST A HINT OF WHAT WAS COMING!

OOPS!
SORRY...
I'M GOING IN!

HUGHES &
RICHARDS
ATTORNEYS

REALLY? AND
WHERE DO YOU
THINK I'M
BOUND FOR?

WAM!

LOOK, HONEY...WOULD YOU MIND IF I GOT TO SEE MR. HUGHES FIRST? JUST A LITTLE ROUTINE MATTER ABOUT MY BEING A GREAT-GREAT-GRANDNEPHEW OF CAPTAIN JOSIAH BRADWELL...ON MY MOTHER'S SIDE!

SUPPOSE WE USE THE FAMILY ENTRANCE? YOU SEE I'M CAPTAIN BRADWELL'S GREAT-GREAT-GRANDNIECE...ON MY FATHER'S SIDE!

MR. HUGHES, I'M ALICIA BRADWELL! BEFORE WE DISCUSS CRAGSIDE HALL, IS THIS, UH...PERSON...RELATED TO ME?

MR. HASTINGS, ISN'T IT? WHY, YES...VERY DISTANTLY! THE ORIGINAL ALICIA BRADWELL AND GEORGE HASTINGS, FOR WHOM YOU WERE NAMED, BOTH FIGURED IN THE EARLY HISTORY OF CRAGSIDE HALL...AND NOW YOU'VE BOTH INHERITED THE PROPERTY!

CAPTAIN BRADWELL WAS ONE OF THE EARLIEST COLONIAL REBELS...A HUNDRED YEARS BEFORE THE REVOLUTION! CRAGSIDE HALL BECAME AN ARSENAL...AND LEGEND SAYS THAT ALICIA FELL DEEPLY IN LOVE WITH GEORGE HASTINGS...A DASHING PRIVATEER!

MY ANCESTOR! A REAL SWASH-BUCKLER, EH?

GEORGE AND ALICIA SEEM TO HAVE HAD A SECRET TRYSTING-PLACE...BUT IT ENDED VERY SOON! LOYALISTS ARRESTED CAPTAIN BRADWELL ONE NIGHT...THE TWO LOVERS MYSTERIOUSLY VANISHED...AND WHILE THE TWO FAMILIES INTERMARRIED LATER, NO HEIR HAS EVER CLAIMED HAUNTED OLD CRAGSIDE HALL!

“GHOSTS I CAN TAKE...BUT I DO MIND THIS CREEP WHO SEEMS DETERMINED TO SHARE THE PROPERTY WITH ME!”



MIGHT AS WELL GIVE THE DEED TO ME, MR. HUGHES! I'M PRETTY SURE I'LL HAVE CRAGSIDE HALL TO MYSELF AFTER ALICIA HAS SPENT ONE NIGHT THERE!

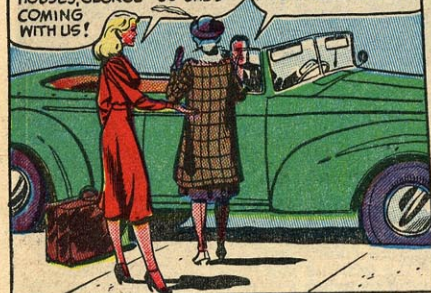
YOU THINK SO, EH? ALL RIGHT, COUSIN...LET'S DRIVE UP TOGETHER...AND SEE WHO LEAVES FIRST!



AS FAR AS GEORGE WAS CONCERNED...HIS GRIM ADVENTURES BEGAN THAT VERY AFTERNOON!

AUNT GERTRUDE, THIS IS GEORGE! AUNTIE JUST DOTES ON HAUNTED HOUSES, GEORGE...SO SHE'S COMING WITH US!

ALICIA, PET--DO YOU THINK THIS IS QUITE FAIR TO THOSE GHOSTS?



And so...ALL THROUGH THE SIX-HOUR DRIVE...

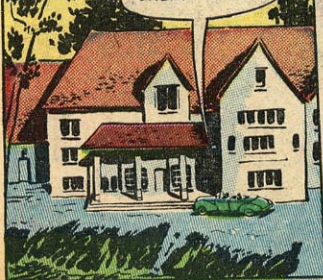
I THINK IT'S VULGAR, UTTERLY, VULGAR, TO BE AFRAID OF SPIRITS! YOU MAY NOT BELIEVE IT, MY DEAR GEORGE...BUT SOME OF THE FINEST PEOPLE I EVER MET HAVE BEEN GHOSTS!

GEORGE...YOU'RE SPEEDING! ARE YOU IN A HURRY, OR SOMETHING?



CRAGSIDE HALL LOOKED LIKE WHAT IT WAS SUPPOSED TO BE...A HAUNTED HOUSE!

ALL RIGHT, GIRLS...UNCORK YOUR SMELLING SALTS AND LET'S SNEAK IN!



WHAT'S THE RUSH, ALICIA? DON'T YOU THINK WE'D BETTER GO IN TOGETHER?

WHAT'S THE MATTER...SCARED? WHY NOT WAIT IN THE CAR...WHILE I SWEEP THE GHOSTS OFF THE WELCOME MAT?



Then...A DEEP, THROBBING MOAN SHUDDERS THROUGH THE DARKNESS!

UH-MMMMMMMM!

GEORGE...GEORGE!

OH, YOU LUCKY, LUCKY CHILDREN! IT'S A PERFECT DREAM OF A HOUSE!



OF **COURSE** I'M SCARED!
GHOSTS MAY BE HARMLESS...
BUT THEY DON'T HAVE TO
SOUND **THAT** FRIGHTENING!

GHOSTS, **NUTS!** DON'T
YOU REALIZE THE **SEA**
MAKES A NOISE...
SLAMMING AGAINST
THE CLIFF BEHIND THE
HOUSE? C'MON... I'LL
SHOW YOU!



UH-MMMMM!

IT **ISN'T**
THE SEA, GEORGE!
IT'S BACK THERE
...TOWARD
THE HOUSE!

I **STILL**
SAY IT'S
JUST A...
WELL, A
NOISE!



NICE LITTLE BUILDUP
SHE GAVE THOSE
GHOSTS! WONDER
WHERE SHE RIGGED
THE LOUDSPEAKER?

I DON'T
KNOW
HOW
GEORGE
FAKED
THOSE
NOISES... BUT
HE'S NOT SCAR-
ING ME OUT
OF HERE!



SUDDENLY, A NEW SOUND...
STRANGE... TERRIFYING...

SUCH DUST! SIMPLY
ABOMINABLE! IT
MADE ME **SNEEZE!**

AUNT GERTIE!
SAAAY... HOW
IS IT SHE DIDN'T
HEAR ANYTHING
OUTSIDE?

WHY, GEORGE... I
THOUGHT YOU
KNEW SHE WAS
SLIGHTLY DEAF...
SHALL WE GO
TO OUR ROOMS,
AUNTIE?



2 MINUTES LATER... A WEIRD, GHOSTLY SONG!

THE PLACE IS SCAREY, AT
THAT... NO PLACE FOR WOMEN!
I CAN JUST PICTURE 'EM... HEAR-
ING THINGS... ALL
NIGHT...

A CENTURY OF
MIDNIGHTS FALL
WHILE I SEEK MY
LOVE IN CRAGSIDE HALL!



FIRST THAT ODD OLD SONG...
AND NOW A **SHADOW!**
SOMETHING'S COMING!

THUMP!
THUMP!





OH, GEORGE... I'M **REALLY** FRIGHTENED NOW! THERE'S A GIRL'S VOICE... SINGING SOME KIND OF TERRIBLY SAD BALLAD... AND I DON'T KNOW **WHERE**, GEORGE!

SUPPOSE WE GO TO THE LIBRARY--AND INVESTIGATE AROUND?



IT'S THAT AWFUL MOAN AGAIN! GEORGE--WHAT'S **WRONG** WITH THIS PLACE?

THE LAWYER **SAID** THE HOUSE IS **HAUNTED**. DIDN'T HE? WHAT DID YOU EXPECT... A BRASS BAND?



YOU ICICLE! YOU JUST LOVE TO SEE ME MISERABLE, DON'T YOU?

WAIT--LISTEN! IT'S THAT SINGING AGAIN!



AND NOW THE SAME THUDDING NOISE I HEARD IN MY ROOM! FUNNY IT SEEMS TO STOP **HERE**--THE THUMP ON ONE SIDE--THE SINGER ON THE OTHER!

SUPPOSE IT'S **TWO** GHOSTS, GEORGE? SUPPOSE THEY'RE TRYING TO **REACH** EACH OTHER--AND **CAN'T**?



THAT'S A NICE ROMANTIC NOTION! BUT IF IT IS THE CASE... THE DIVIDING LINE WOULD BE RIGHT ABOUT **THERE!**



THE DIVIDING LINE! GEORGE STEPS CLOSER... PEERING AT THE TIME-DARKENED WOOD...

ALICIA BRADWELL AND GEORGE HASTINGS--**SWEETHEARTS!**

WHY, GEORGE... WHO'S GETTING ROMANTIC **NOW?**



A LIGHT TOUCH OF GEORGE'S FINGERS...AND SWIFT AS A FLASH, A SECRET PANEL OPENS!

WOOSH!



GEORGE IS GONE...AND THE FIRE'S SINKING! WHY WON'T IT BURN...WHY?



OH! OH!

CRASH!



DID YOU BUMP INTO SOMETHING, GEORGE? ALL RIGHT, YOU GRUMP... DON'T ANSWER ME! GEORGE...?

SLAM!



ARE YOU HIDING, GEORGE? GEORGE...WHERE ARE YOU?

Suddenly...A NEW SOUND...AND A NEW CLUTCH OF TERROR!

THIS ISN'T WHAT WE HEARD BEFORE! THIS IS SOMETHING MOVING...COMING CLOSER!



WAM!
WAM!

HELP! DON'T COME NEAR ME! KEEP AWAY...WHOEVER YOU ARE!



WHY GOSH, ALICIA
...DON'T TELL ME
YOU'RE SCARED
OF ME!

GEORGE!
BUT WHERE DID
YOU DISAPPEAR
TO? WHAT'S
DOWN
THERE?

SPUT!



COULDN'T BUDGE THE
SLIDING PANEL I FELL
INTO... SO I HAD TO
CHOP MY WAY OUT!
FOUND A NICE LITTLE
CAVE FURTHER
DOWN!

UH-MMM/AAA!

GEORGE
...THERE GOES
THAT **MOAN**
AGAIN!



WE MIGHT AS WELL FACE IT, ALICIA!
IT'S SOMETHING WE CAN'T STOP...
SOMETHING
BIGGER THAN
EITHER OF US!

GOOD
HEAVENS...
WHAT?



THE TIDE, SILLY! SEE THOSE **ROCKS**?
THERE'S BEEN A CAVE-IN AT ONE TIME
OR ANOTHER... AND THE SEA RUSHES
IN AS FAR AS THE OTHER SIDE
OF THAT BARRIER!

BUT THIS LEDGE, GEORGE!
THE CAVE DIDN'T JUST
HAPPEN... IT'S BEEN
USED FOR SOMETHING!



NOW YOU'RE ON THE BALL! THIS
IS WHERE CAPTAIN BRADWELL
STORED HIS MUNITIONS
CENTURIES AGO... UNTIL
MOST OF HIS GUN-
POWDER EXPLODED
AND CAUSED THE
CAVE BLOCK!

DID YOU
NOTICE THAT
THOSE **ROCKS**
LIE DIRECTLY UNDER
THE MIDDLE OF THE MAIN
ROOM? COULD THAT BE THE

BARRIER
THAT'S SEPAR-
ATING **TWO**
GHOSTS,
GEORGE?



NOTHING LIKE FINDING OUT!
THE TOP LAYER OF POWDER
MUST BE PRETTY DAMP...
BUT I'LL BET THE **REST**
PACKS PLENTY OF
WALLOP!

AND YOU'RE **WAIT-
ING**? RUN, GEORGE
...**BEFORE** THAT
POWDER
EXPLODES!

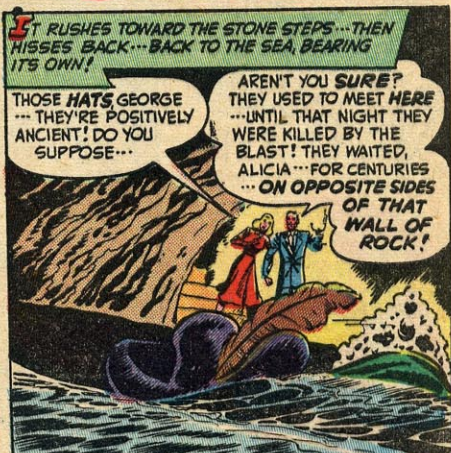
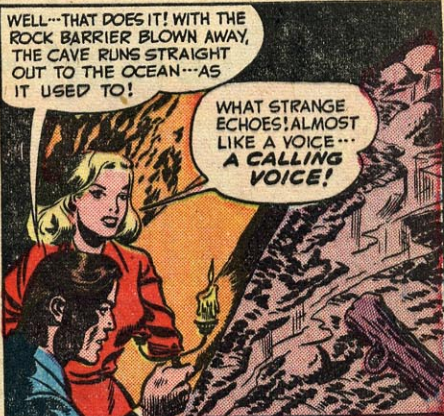


IT HASN'T GONE OFF
YET... AND THERE'S NO
TELLING HOW HIGH THE
SEA WILL COME IF THE
ROCK BARRIER IS
BLASTED AWAY! WE'D
BETTER SCUTTLE!

THAT VOICE! HEAR
HER, GEORGE? SHE
...SHE SOUNDS
HAPPY! AS IF
SOMETHING'S
GOING TO HAPPEN
THAT SHE'S AWAITED
FOR CENTURIES!



NO LONGER PARTED
BY THE WALL
I'LL MEET MY LOVE IN
CRAGSIDE HALL!



For Yourself — For A Gift

NEW 14 Piece Sew-Easy DOUBLE-DECKER WORKBOX KIT

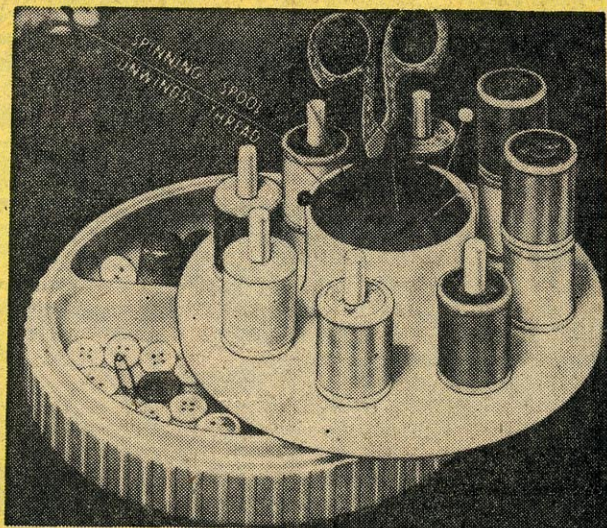


only
\$1.98

**Fitted For Every
Sewing Need**

Includes

- 1 Pr. Scissors,
- 8 Spools of 50 yd cotton thread in assorted colors,
- 3 plastic thimbles, in 3 sizes,
- 1 needle threader,
- 25 needles,
- 1 pincushion



TOP SWINGS ROUND TO CLOSE BOX

Opens up to put every sewing accessory at your fingertips! From thread, scissor and pincushion on "Top Deck" to thimbles, etc., in "Bottom Deck," which has three sections for tidy storing, QUICK finding. No need to remove spool for thread, it spins on own rod! You'll love DOUBLE-DECKER WORKBOX KIT your friends, too. Bright red and white plastic. Sturdy! Just see it on 10 day trial. A complete handy outfit. Packed in attractive gift box.

MAIL COUPON TODAY

**SCOPE SALES CO., Dept. SK-7106
1 Orchard Street, New York 2, N. Y.**

Rush new, completely outfitted, DOUBLE-DECKER WORKBOX KIT, in attractive gift box, for Only \$1.98.

State Quantity

☐ Send C.O.D. I pay postage. ☐ I enclose full amount.
You pay postage.

Name _____

Address _____

City, Zone, State _____

Money Back Guarantee. If not delighted return in 10 days for purchase price refund.

SENT ON APPROVAL

REDUCE FAT!

UP TO 5 lbs. A WEEK

YET EAT PLENTY!

The New, Scientific Way to

LOSE WEIGHT

Feel full of pep and energy. Overcome that tired feeling this Doctor Approved Way!

REDUCE 10-20-30-LBS.

AND IMPROVE YOUR HEALTH! WE GUARANTEE THESE STATEMENTS OR YOU DON'T PAY A PENNY!

Don't be denied a beautiful, attractive figure. Lose ugly excess fat easily, quickly, pleasantly, safely—we guarantee it! **KELPIDINE** does the work with little effort on your part, is **ABSOLUTELY HARMLESS** and supplies a food mineral which is **VITAL** for balanced nutrition. **KELPIDINE IS GOOD FOR YOU!** It decreases your appetite, gives you more energy, vitality and vigor. **YOU'LL ENJOY REDUCING THIS WAY!** Proven results are shown quickly. Many report losing 15, 20, 30 pounds and even more in a few short weeks. With **KELPIDINE**, ugly fat and extra inches seem to disappear like magic. **Kelpidine (fucus)** is the only known food product listed in medical dictionaries as an **ANTI-FAT, AND AS AN AID IN REDUCING**. A United States Government Agency classifies **KELPIDINE** as a food. It is safe and brings remarkable results quickly and easily.

**NO STARVING
NO EXERCISE
NO LAXATIVES
NO DRUGS
NO MASSAGE**

**Absolutely
HARMLESS
and Actually
GOOD FOR YOU!**

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE WITH A 10-DAY FREE TRIAL!

\$2

If **Kelpidine** doesn't do the wonders for you as it has for others, if you don't lose as much weight as you want to lose, if you're not 100% delighted with the results. **YOUR MONEY WILL BE RETURNED AT ONCE.**



"My Grateful Thanks to **Kelpidine**. In just a few weeks I lost 3 inches thru the waistline and hips. It's amazing." **Mary Brown, N. Y. C.**

MAIL COUPON NOW!

**American Healthaids Co., Dept. 113
1025 Broad St., Newark, New Jersey**

Send me at once for \$2 cash, check or money order, one month's supply of **Kelpidine Tablets**, postpaid. If I am not 100% satisfied my money will be refunded.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

☐ I enclose \$5. Send three months' supply.

FREE

The famous Dr. Phillips Reducing Plan which has helped many lose 20, 30 and up to 40 pounds, quickly and safely will be sent absolutely **FREE** with your order.

BLACKHEADS "PET HATE"

Say Men, Girls in Choosing Date

What a "black mark" is the blackhead . . . according to men and girls popular enough to be choosy about dates!

"Nobody's dreamboat!" "Nobody's date bait!" And that's not all that's said of those who are careless about blackheads. But blackheads ARE ugly! Blackheads ARE grimy! And they DON'T look good in close-ups!

So can you blame the fellow who says, "Sure, I meet lots of girls who look cute at first glance. But if, on that second glance, I see dingy blackheads, it's good night!"

Or can you blame the girl who confesses, "I hate to go out with a fellow who has blackheads. If he's careless about that you're sure he'll embarrass you in other ways, too!"

But you—are YOUR ears burning? Well, you've company and, sad to say, good company. There are lots of otherwise attractive fellows and girls who could date anyone they like if they'd only realize how offensive blackheads are . . . and how easily and quickly they could get rid of them . . . if they want to!

"He-Man" Often Guilty of Blackhead Crime

Take the "he-man" . . . super at track, games, sports of all kinds . . . who thinks that after just a shower he's ready to go anywhere! And won't the girls all admire his muscles!

Sure they would! But not many dance floors are set up for hurdle races! You can't show off your snappy left hook when only cokes are in the ring. The "he-man" who's also clean-cut, will get the breaks wherever he is.

Even Cute Girls Become Careless

Easy, too easy, for a girl to think that if she has the latest in clothes and hair-do she needn't bother about blackheads. A little more make-up, she guesses, will take care of that. BUT MAKE-UP WON'T HIDE BLACKHEADS! Not unless it's plaster of paris, maybe! And even good make-up "slips" at a dance! So don't take chances, cute though you may be!

TAKE THESE TIPS TO BANISH BLACKHEADS

Keep skin clean by washing morning and night with warm, almost hot, water. Use good soap and plenty of it. And finish with cool water.

Extract every blackhead as soon as you see it—with a SAFE extractor. Don't use finger nails. Don't squeeze. That may mean infection, injured tissues, a marred skin.

Just be clean! Be quick! And be safe! That's easy! And that's ALL!

FELLOWS! GIRLS!
Keep Skin Clear and Clean!

**UGLY BLACKHEADS
OUT in Seconds with
VACUTEX**

**NEW! SCIENTIFIC!
VACUUM ACTION!**

Amazing new VACUTEX is painless . . . safe . . . fast! In seconds you are rid of those ugly blackheads that clog the pores . . . make your skin look grimy and dingy . . . give others such a wrong impression of you. VACUTEX creates a gentle vacuum pressure around the blackhead and extracts it—quickly!—without injury to tender skin tissues. Keep skin always clear this new scientific way. Without painful squeezing! Without dangerous infection from germ fingers! Just place VACUTEX over blackhead and draw back extractor. Blackhead's out! Simple! But you'll be delighted by your instantly improved appearance. Others will notice your clearer, cleaner skin! Try VACUTEX—now!

ACTUAL
LENGTH
3 1/2"

RUSH
COUPON
NOW!

**10 DAY
TRIAL OFFER**

Don't send a penny. Mail coupon and pay postman only \$1.00 plus postage. Or save all postage by enclosing \$1.00 with guarantee coupon. If not thrilled to be rid of embarrassing hated blackheads this new quick way—just return VACUTEX in 10 days and get \$1 back. Order today!

**No Squeezing
No Infection
No Injury
to Skin
Tissues!**

Just place VACUTEX over blackhead—release extractor—and blackhead's out!

10 DAY TRIAL GUARANTEE

BALCO PRODUCTS COMPANY, Dept. B-206
19 West 44th St., New York 18, N. Y.
☐ Enclosed find \$1.00. Send me VACUTEX postpaid.
☐ Ship C.O.D. I will pay postman \$1.00 plus postage.
My dollar will be refunded if I am not delighted.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____
SORRY NO C.O.D. OUTSIDE OF U.S.A.